

Four Seas



08.25.2025

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12.25.2025

08/25

Blue walked across the pavement that I've spaced myself around for as long as I've been figuring out what the end goal will be. How could I know the next step if I am not in it yet. Is it the new that transforms me into who I'm meant to be. Is who I'm meant to be the one that would set me free.

Delusion feeds me like my own mother would. It's what has kept me alive! The pressure of the depths that mold decay into source energy are inevitable. I am the actress to span this lifetime. I have acted so well I shifted into a new lifetime, one each vibrationally higher than the next. Beware, shall you not serve me, existence shall be revoked. I will create a new one if this is not what I am looking for. I will create what I am looking for. I am the inventor of all that could ever be, all that could let forever be.

A film star is more like it. When I make the same song with one man it always sounds different with another. I fear I know I am one with the ability to be too full with life, to experience what is to offer too intimately, too personally. Pleasure could be the way to describe this time. Intensely careless pleasure because I love my fruit a little rotten. I am too naive to care, you like that about me. It makes me be someone smaller to you, someone unafraid to be embarrassed, but still the one being embarrassed. A white belted God, but still a God. I have accepted at this time I am a master of none. I have accepted that the end may be just the same, may be a master of all. Alass, to be human is to be and not be. To possess imperfection, to lack, to strive for something better, to keep having more living.

I live with my boyfriend down by the ocean. How did I get here? Why does it feel like there's still so much more to work for? I love him. I have melted into him, so deeply into the folds inside his brain tissue. He is every part of what I have loved in others, fills in the spaces where the ones I've loved haven't been. I need him. I wonder how he will fit into my ending, will he fall out? I feel happier than I've been in a while. Free, but fearful. My love would tell me to let go of fear so I try. I know love through friendship, a bond shared to experience life alongside, intertwining but in separate pots. A love that may last but like everything else is fleeting. Far from romantic love that breeds itself into you, making you a new. A love that does not hold your hand, but still walks alongside you.

09/03

This love has a way of bringing awareness to one's faults. Shamelessly feeding you with hope to try again after beating the current version out. It's lovely to start again. Even with the rose tinted glasses off. In the end, it is something new. I've accepted the only way to go about changes is to let go of how it changes you. For better or for worse, whatever it means to reach that desired outcome where fulfillment lies. Fulfillment does lie. Unreachable because it is not a place. It's a place in the way that love is. A commitment to acceptance. I am here now and I am okay with that. I am working to be okay with that, just like I am working to stay dedicated to the ones I love. It's not so much a fleeting emotion as it is a decision, or is it? Today is another day to do it again, as if eternity was unfolding before me, forever for the time that is.

09/05

There is a better chance at winning those that are kept at a distance. The strangers that roam the streets, coincidentally at the same time you do. They do not see you when you make mistakes, when you are not the character you play them. They keep you in their memory as something sweet, and eventually, maybe forget you. Why is it that I am more tender and open with someone I may never see again? Why is it that you can live with someone your whole life and still not know who they are? Why is it that some people never know their partner is a serial killer who will soon kill them too? Those that are close to you, by physical proximity or through an emotional connection developed over time, those are the ones that xx do not prove xx to. I'd like to think that by not seeking something in someone close to me, it'll attract them to get closer to me, so close they'll see a part of themselves in me and confuse the wo

Some say to not feed into things that won't feed you, but what if I am fed through following my curiosity. Some say you've got to stay in the state of the feeling you'll have when you get what you want, but others say you just can't always get what you want. But you get what you need. Did I need the pain? Do I need the love and protection? What difference does an emotion make when discipline is based on action. You'll still get there no matter. You'll still take your last breath eventually. How many rebirths can a person go through and still be that same? I'd like to know in what ways I've changed, in what ways I've stayed the same. I'd like to know why I do the things that I do. I think it's

because I'd rather do it than feel cold and blue.

I love you so much but you will never know me.

09/08

You will take because I give. I give because I care, because I believe life should be shared. But you take and do not give. So I'll keep giving. I am plentiful, an overflowing cycle from the exosphere to aquifers. I will keep giving, keep filling you up until you suffocate from embarrassment and explode from shame that you would carelessly abuse a divine source instead of honoring it. I am an alchemist, you fill me with poison that I'll purify. I am not as naive as you make me out to be, I have extracted the poison for you. I will thank you for the energy you have given me to purify, and I will feed you your poison. A bruise needs time to develop of course, and with time that bruise will fester. Slowly, the infection penetrates through your reeking insecurities that you adorn yourself with as a xxx to be a special somebody too. Your life is yours my dear, you are innately somebody, there is nothing to prove. Maybe my position will work to prove that to you.

Necessity creates invention. All it takes is one action of xx to initiate the spread of a mycelium like network.

I guess she was looking for love in all the right places. Before she thought she was looking for love in all the wrong places. I sometimes think about how this might be all the life I have been given to live. I look around and see what I saw before. I guess familiarity is repeatedly chosen over time, maybe subconsciously? External pressures might turn me into what I could be. It's strange how much a person can change but remain the same. I sit more in the present lately. I used to sit in the future, most likely out of necessity. I can see the appeal to extremes, the appeal to embrace horror because it means you are alive. I think about my father, I wonder if he's alright, wonder if he can sleep at night, I know that it's a wild ride to do it for yourself. We do so much telepathy that it's almost crazy.

09/10

We'll always want more from each other but it'll never be enough. I found my corner to wait around to die in. I'll stay there to pass the time until it's time to enjoy the good times. I guess the good times are worth waiting for, although I am not like they say I operate. I don't enjoy the good times because they are opposing the bad times. I enjoy it all the time. I enjoy boredom and the depression that comes from feeling like you haven't done enough to prove your existence. To validate you deserve to live. Because nothing in life is given, but I was given life no? Why do I need to pretend to care about what I only do to live? But yet It is what I fall back on to talk about with anyone, it is what I've attached my identity to, my occupation. I suppose it's my fault for keeping it a secret that I have many occupations. I occupy my time from sunrise to sunset. I run to the ocean and clean myself. I wash away my environment, I wish to rid myself from mental clutter, I wish to rid myself. I intrude like a symbiotic pest. You enjoy killing me, I am indestructible, lurking and dividing, hiding in the cracks and corners. I know no better than to show myself. I do not care to live but I do not care to die, I am merely passing the time.

09/11

I believe that the love I felt for you was transcendental. A synchronized, vibrationally matched state of mind. Your happiness is my happiness. And you dare tell me my bloodshed is your nourishment. I feel for you, I feel what you feel, it is channeled through me. Yet you let jealousy cloud you. You let my oasis in the desert be the kingdom you wish to overthrow. My own kingdom that I've surrendered to. I let my gates open for you to take that too. To add to your collection of kingdoms. It's alright because my empire lies on a different plane, in a different time. Irgendwie Irgendwo Irgendwann.It is the unreachable one. Unattainable to anyone that is afraid to look at themselves. Unafrfraid to claim their faults instead of picking them out of other people. My machevillian archetypes are not to be tamed, not to be morphed into a new, a "better", more palpable version for everyone to love and make their lives easier to live. What do you hate? What do you fear? Who do you judge and what about them? It is what you are, the parts you try to hide. My unshameful embrace provokes you, I hope you choke on it.

My Shadow?

She is an unaware, uneducated, stupid woman. Too dependent to live for her own means, embarrassing and un-deserving of respect. A receiving woman takes and she takes from a pity hand. A demanding child, much less than a woman. Deserving of the world because she asked for it. She's got a sidekick, a guiding hand to do it all for her so she can focus on what it means to exist, to be her, harnessing energy instead of putting it back into the giving. The girl that goes where energy flows, that stays where she receives the most, no matter who it may be. No matter if it's the man that promised to set her free by beating the bad out of her. She goes where she can play, where rest can lay with her as she washes up on the bay. She is looking for an escape, something like the sweet caress of death, like the satiation received from biting into flesh, still bursting with life but now dead at the hands of your twisted god-like power. She feasts, relentlessly without a care for those that have not eaten. Watch her grow in front of you. Feel your eyes rise from the tip of your nose to your third eye. She grows, you shrink, now at her mercy.

Your happiness is mine.

09/12

I saw Stanely floating by to see the birds. I watched the people going where they're heading as I waited to go where I was heading. I like to think Stanely wakes up each morning to take pictures of the birds, to share the beauty he sees with people that have something else to wake up for. I feel like I'm still sleeping. I'm only truly awake for experiences that feel like they could never be replicated. Awake for the rare moments, passing by during the rest. Would you still like me if you could really know me, if you could go and own me, if I would be your only.

09/16

The way she moves, it'll make you believe in magic.

09/18

I feel so high, I'm scared to come down again. I loved this ride but any more and I'd have been dead. I like to see your smile, it shows me that I'm your man. I've been changing right in front of you. So fast you couldn't catch up. I've been around the people now in my playing field. I guess it's time to say goodbye. Can we run a little faster? If we can't go I guess I'll just run past you.

09/22

I met Oxanna at the record shop. She smelled my stories, dripping from my longing eyes. Eyelids covered in the shade of blue that sounds like the ominous ocean on the south side under moonlight. The type of blue that sounds like sweet reggae creeping up around your hips, persuading them to flow, to move when you thought you'd never be moved again. I dipped into her sadness, I bathed in it and poured in mine. We swam in our words flowing back and forth. We swam to the finish line, having shared our stories, recognizing how similar they are, learning from one another. Oxanna told me what we have is a gift. I believe her, because I see her grand gift is one I have too. I left with a little less blue on my lids than before. I left with a vision,

I know

I will be held,

I won't drown.

10/11

The girls got everyone out tonight.

The sailor's getting through the door.

She's got

Everyone believing in a fantasy.

10/21

New moon in Libra calling to navigate my home and career life. I've always been told the best thing a woman can do is have emotional control. I'm not sure where I stand. I like to say what's wrong when it's wrong. I hate to be a bystander to my own misfortunes and misery. I depend emotionally upon life's satisfactions, mishaps and rewards. What they make me feel is in my control but sometimes I love to let go of control. I am balancing my intent with miracles. My destiny with faith. I am co creating. In face of power struggles and limitations I accept the grit and feed from the growth. What I give is multiplied back to me exponentially, especially what has caused my pain thanks to alchemy. I am letting the days mold themselves around the constant vessel that I am. The structure maintained by reciprocity, sensuality, curiosity and obsession.

This liberation I've invited in! thank you transiting Uranus in Gemini trine natal Venus in libra. My doors are open to attraction enticing enough to keep me interested for over a year. To identify myself with. Attractions that lead me to write pieces so great they'd make them roll in their graves. Attractions that activate my magnetic resonance with abundance. Attractions that show me refined once in a lifetime experience. Attractions that lead me on stage, in the light and lifted up to life. These are my ideals. My intuition calls me to choose my passions over anyone's expectations of me. I'll do it for my benefit. I'll do it to be in the limelight. I receive care and affection. It steams up to fog up any memory of anything outside of it and that is sweet to me.

12/02

I have been away, lost on the other side where my other side resides. It seems to me she is grounded, she used to be rigid in an extreme sense. "Discipline" and "Productivity" her first and middle name, "Insatiable Ambition" of course her last. I assume it was a form of protection, like a worm in a dauer survival stage. Still, I am protected but now unafraid to expose myself to the horrors of human perception. To the cruelty of being unfavored and at disadvantage. To be left unchosen and deemed unworthy of a made up role in a made up world. I may be delusional, but I am divinely blessed. Or I am just lucky, because my faith is unshakable. My faith in hope is like a roach; daunting and resilient. I

am in the sky with all the other stars, so how could it be any other mundane way. I see myself shining every night, except the nights I'm hiding. Hiding in hermit mode, to rebuild and regenerate a new cycle to be in. This cycle is now marked by passive aggressiveness. I seem to be I unwavering like the Doric columns of the Parthenon, but still there and unapologetically so. Now that I feel I have nothing to prove, I wonder how long this cycle will last. I do what I know will help me get to my goal, but I don't care how and I don't care who thinks what about it. Admittedly, I care about the money.

Admittedly I only have certain goals because they open a way for money to flow in. But I still don't care about what my employer thinks of me. Will the horrors of perception block the channel of abundance into my life? Will I do what it takes to self sustain? How many more executive orders are left until dictatorship? I'd love to change the world, but I don't really care anymore. I have released the weight of the world off my shoulders.

A reflection on my development this year:

The year if the snake,

I overcame.

In the year of the snake,

I let go of pain.

The summer shined,

On the path to my masters.

With practice mastery came,

detachment.

From what all the people may say.

detachment.

From their feelings I held at bay.

In the year of the snake,

my freedom had came,

and I let go of you like a breath I held in too deep.

Like a fear disguised as a friend.

I found a home.

A home that you couldn't send me away from.

Because the key is in me , I paved my own way now.

And my heart is with he, I hope that it's safe now.

I created a dream, with the help of a kind soul.

A friend made my dreams become a reality.

More and more

Areas of a human life go unguided.

First, the concept of love, you felt before, as if it were a family matter. The one you choose will cost you your fortune or your survival. Still today, it's on the spectrum of luxury. But the matter is up to the lovers, the branches intertwining, untethered from the tree.

Soon, the matter of an occupation. Why in America is it what defines you? Never mind what ignites you. Focus on what aligns you with the profits of the country, the generational buildup of the dead bodies we've built upon. Used up to rise to the highest of highs. Higher than a person should go, but only for those who are in the know on how to use the cracks to climb up. Let the others die out; let the others provide a ground for you to rise up.